



"OPPOSITION TO TYRANNY, IS OBEDIENCE TO GOD."—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

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The Forget-Me-Not.

Silent o'er the fountain gleaming,
In the silvery moonlight hour,
Bright and beautiful in its setting,
Waves a friendly fragile flower,
Never let it be mistaken;
Blue—as heaven's own blessed eye,
By no envious clouds overtaken;
When it laughs through all the sky,
Flower of heaven's divinest hue!
Symbol of affection true!
Whisper to the poor heart-broken!
Consolation—heaven-spoken!

Loved one!—like the star of morning
Are thine eyes—so mild and fair—
Innocence with light adorning
Their pure radiance everywhere;
Maiden mine! attend my lay;
Be this flower's truest friend—
Whispering through the far away,
"Oh! forget—forget me not!"

Duty stern may bid us sever,
Years below our parted lot;
Yet these flowers' last murmur ever,
"Ah, forget—forget me not!"

List, beloved! what it saith;
List each blossom's whispering sound:
As its lowly head it layeth
On the dew-dampened ground,
Beside the dark blue eyes,
That bring its dark blue eyes;
Remember—when you wander near—
"Forget me not!" it sighs.

Device of an Arab Lady.

For the education of those who imagine
they can penetrate the designs of woman,
we have translated from a French volume
on Oriental manners, the following little story.
To understand it, we have to inform
our readers, that among the Orientals, it
is customary to agree for a time to pay a
stipulated forfeit if a husband receives from
his wife or a wife from her husband, any-
thing whatsoever, without previously pro-
nouncing the word *Diadeste*. Each there-
fore, practices the greatest ingenuity to
throw the other off his or her guard.

A philosopher of that country, who was,
by no means insensible to female charms,
had often worshipped at their shrine, and
as often (as he thought) had suffered
from their wiles and caprices.

But he determined to become wiser. He
collected a number of stories of female coun-
ting, and copied them into a book which he
always carried about him, as occasion
might require to consult it.

One evening, as he was passing through
an Arab camp, he noticed at the entrance
of one of the tents a young woman of un-
common beauty. She saluted him as he
passed, offering that he might enter to rest
for a while from his fatigue. Scarcely
had he taken his seat on the carpet, when he
saw the beautiful creature, when he be-
came alarmed; he drew his book from his
pocket, and began to read, without daring
to cast a single glance at his fair neighbor.
"That must be a charming book," said
the lady, "which can engross your whole
attention so."

"Indeed, it is," replied the philosopher,
"but it contains secrets."

"Which certainly you would conceal
from me," said the lady, with an irresist-
ible smile.

"Since you will have it so," retorted the
philosopher, "it contains a complete list of
all the arts and wiles of cunning woman—
but I am sure you could not learn any-
thing from it, and so it would not interest
you?" "Are you certain that your list is
complete?" said the lady again.

Thus the conversation was gradually re-
sumed, the philosopher pocketed his book,
and so far forgot himself and his system
of philosophy, that he was kneeling before
the lady, holding one of her hands between
his own; and who knows what might have
been the result, had not the lady espied at
a distance her husband who was returning
home. Struck with terror, she exclaimed,
"I see my husband at a distance, returning
homeward. Should he find you here, he
will put us both to death. I see but one
chance for your escape, conceal yourself in
this box of which I keep the key."

It may be supposed the philosopher did
not hesitate to conceal himself, and the
lady locked the box, and drew out the key.
As the Arab entered his tent, the lady met
him with a smile, saying, "you came in
good time, for a stranger, calling himself a
philosopher, stopped at our tent to rest,
but so far forgot himself and propriety, as
to talk to me of love."

The Arab began to foam at the mouth
with rage; but who can describe the agony
of the philosopher, who could in his re-
straint hear every word that was spoken.

"Where shall I find the wretch?" ex-
claimed the Arab, "that may swear may put
an end forever to a similar presumption?"
"Here in this box," said the lady, holding
out the key.

The enraged Arab snatched it out of
her hand, but she soon retook it in a fit of
laughter.

"Instantly pay me a forfeit, for I have
caught you at last accepting a thing with-
out pronouncing the word *Diadeste*!"

For a while the Arab stood as if petrified,
and after recovering a little from his
anger, said: "I have lost and must pay the

forfeit but let me request you hereafter
to gain your ends without giving me such bit-
ter vexation."

After awhile the Arab had to attend to
other business, and left his tent, and the
lady unlocked the box, in which she found
the poor philosopher more dead than alive;
on saying, "you are safe!" the philosopher
vaulted nimbly from his retreat. "Depart
in peace," said the lady to him, "but don't
forget to record this day's occurrence in
your book."

Singular Legend.

It was midnight; Bonaparte's camp rested
on Mount Tabor, when an old man known
by the name of l'Homme Rouge, and sup-
posed by the soldiers to be the evil genius
of Napoleon, was seen to enter the gen-
eral's tent; the old grenadier approached the
entrance, and heard two persons speaking.
"Art thou here?" said Bonaparte; "I
scarce expected to see thee so far from
France."

"Alas!" said the other with a deep sigh,
"what land is now open to me or whither
shall I fly? I took refuge in Brussels;
well, what should I see one morning but
the tall shako of your grenadiers coming
up the steep street, I fled to Holland—you
were there the day after. Come thought
I, he's moving northwards, I'll try the other
extreme; so I started for the Swiss—
Sacre bleu! the roll of your confounded
drums resounded through every valley—I
reached the banks of the Po—your troops
were there the same evening. I pushed
for Rome—they were repairing for your
quarters, which you occupied that night—
Away then I started once more; I cross
rivers, and mountains, and seas, and gained
the desert at last. I thanked my fortune
that there are a thousand leagues between
us and here you are now. For pity's sake
show me one little spot on the map of the
world you don't want to conquer, and let
me live there in peace, and be sure never
to meet you more."

Bonaparte did not speak for some min-
utes. At length he said:—"There, you
see that island in the great sea, with noth-
ing near it—thou mayest go there."

"How is it called?" said l'Homme
Rouge.

"St. Helena," said the General. "It
is not very large, but I promise thee to be
undisturbed there."

"You will never come there then? Is
that a pledge?"

"Never," I promise it. At least if I do,
thou shalt be the master and I the slave."
Napoleon went to St. Helena, and died a
slave. Such will ever be the result of
inordinate ambition, when indulged by na-
tions, or by individuals.

Statistics of Western Population.

"Ohio welcomed the first permanent set-
tlers in 1793; in 1844 it was occupied by
1,732,000 people.

Michigan, which the attention of emi-
grants was turned to, twelve or fourteen
years ago, now has 300,000 people.

Indiana, admitted into the Union in
1816, has received a population of more
than half a million in thirty years, and now
numbers more than 900,000 inhabitants.

Illinois was organized a separate terri-
tory in 1810, and entered the Union as a
State in 1818. From that date its popu-
lation trebled every ten years, till the last
census, and in the last five years has risen
from 477,000 to 700,000.

Missouri, which in 1810 had only 20-
800 people, has now 600,000, having in-
creased fifty per cent. in six years.

Iowa was scarcely heard of at the east
ten years ago, and it is but fourteen since
the only white inhabitants, north of the
Missouri line, were a few Indian traders.
More than 100,000 now make that beau-
tiful land their home; 60,000 of whom have
gone in during the last four years.

Wisconsin was organized ten years ago;
the marshes are now taking the census,
and from the present appearances, the
population will vary but little from 150,000,
being an increase of one hundred thou-
sand in five years. One portion of the
territory, 33 miles by 20, which, ten years
ago, was an unbroken wilderness, now
numbers 87,000 inhabitants, and the emi-
gration to that portion of the west is great-
er than ever."

Van Buren and Free Soil.

The New York *Truth Teller*, which
gives a warm, efficient and manly support
to Cass and Butler, very truly and pointed-
ly says:

"The Democracy cannot be deluded with
the specious pretence that the Van Buren
section separate from us on a question of
principle. The 'Wilmot Proviso' is mere-
ly 'good enough Morgan.' If those who
advocate it abhor slavery, their zeal is, to
say the least, of very recent origin. There
are no men living who owe so much to the
South as Mr. Van Buren and his friends.

It was as a 'Northern man with Southern
principles' that Mr. Van Buren secured
the influence of the South, and we all re-
member how in the moment of his grati-
tude he assured his Southern constituency
their interests were peculiarly safe in his
hands, by the extraordinary and much con-
sidered promise in his inaugural address, that
'no bill having for its object the Abolition
of slavery in the District of Columbia should
ever receive' his 'constitutional sanction.'"

Thus he foreclosed Congress against a
bolding slavery within the only territory
where it was subject to its control.

Jealousy.

Of all the passions jealousy, is that
which exacts the hardest service, and pays
the bitterest wages. Its service is—to watch
the success of our enemy; its wages—to be
sure of it.

The Rev. James Birmingham, an Irish
Catholic Clergyman, has written a letter
to J. F. Megher, from Borrisokane, giv-
ing the following advice to the Irish people,
and we copy it as indicative of the feeling
which actuates the masses:

"My good people, the times are event-
ful and portentous; no man knows to-day
what to-morrow may bring forth. Prepare
then, for the worst, be not taken by sur-
prise, and be not found defenceless. By the
word prepare, I mean simply two things:
First make your peace with God: 'Put
your house,' as the Scripture hath it, 'in
order'—dispose yourselves to die. Second-
ly—arm quietly and without tumult for
your defence, whenever the day for such
shall arrive. Having made these prepara-
tions, keep steady; let nothing tempt you
to a premature or partial out-break. The
English government, which after having
deliberately starved hundreds of thousands
of you, I look upon as capable of anything
—may tempt you to a precipitate commit-
ment of your case to a doubtful issue; but re-
sist, by patience, the temptation. Recollect
that England's necessity is Ireland's oppor-
tunity; wait for it, bide your time. When
the day of our struggle shall come; when
your liberties as well as your lives shall be
invaded, then let it not be a turning out of
two or three counties, but let Ireland rise
to the contest as one man—and let every
man, as he is about taking his position to
perform this most glorious act of his life,
make a vow to the following effect:—'I
vow, before God and my country, to les-
sen, if I can, by at least one man, the ene-
mies of my country, and to die.'

When, being thus prepared and having
made the foregoing vow, fairly committed
to the combat, don't show yourselves to the
enemy on the hill-side or on the plain; but
take him from the dyke, the fence, the
hedgerow; from the broken bridge or the
obstructed railway. Be sure you do all
the mischief in your power—or all the good,
I should say, for the mischief is the good in
this case,—by all the means within your
reach, and think not one moment of living
—'to do or die,' or 'do and die'—be this
your motto. You will, however please to
remember that you bide your time, you
wait your opportunity; God will present it
to you, and make you feel when it has
come."

He appends to the foregoing advice the
following caution:

"There are three points on which I think
the people should be clearly instructed. To
distinguish between the Queen and her
government. We entertain no disloyal
feeling towards the throne or the person of
Victoria; we simply detest her government,
her tyrannous starvation ministry. We
firmly demand our rights, and if they be
not quietly conceded, we shall take them
by force."

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Gentle Words.

A young rose in summer time
Is beautiful to see,
And glories are the many stars
That glimmer on the sea,
But gentle words and loving hearts,
And hands that clasp my own,
Are better than the finest flowers,
Or stars that ever shone.

The sun may warm the grass to live,
The dew the drooping flower,
The eye grow bright and watch the light
Of Autumn's opening hour,
But words that breathe of tenderness
And smiles that glow as true,
Are warmer than the summer time
And lighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But oh, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

An affectionate Duck and Drake.

Referring to the habits of the mandarin
duck, (a Chinese species,) Mr. Bennett says,
"Beale's aviary afforded a singular corrobor-
ation of the fidelity of the birds in question.
Of a pair in that gentleman's possession,
the drake being one night purloined by
some thieves, the unfortunate duck display-
ed the strongest marks of despair at her be-
havior, retiring into a corner, and alto-
gether neglecting food and drink, as well
as the care of her person. In this condition
she was courted by a drake who had lost
his mate, but who met with no encourage-
ment from the widow. On the stolen drake
being subsequently recovered, and restored
to the aviary, the most extravagant demon-
strations of joy were displayed by the fond
couple. But this was not all; for, when in-
formed by his spouse of the gallant propo-
sals made for her shortly before his arrival,
the drake attacked the luckless bird who
would have supplanted him, beat out his
eyes, and inflicted so many injuries as to
cause his death."—*Couch's Illustration of
Insects.*

True Sources of Enjoyment.

A genial and happy disposition finds ma-
terials of enjoyment everywhere. In the
city or the country—in society or solitude
—in the theatre or the forest—in the hum
of the multitude, or in the silence of the
mountains, are alike materials of reflection,
and elements of pleasure. It is one mode
of pleasure to listen to the music of Don
Giovanni, in the theatre glittering with light,
and crowded with elegance and beauty; it
is another to glide at sunset over the bosom
of the lonely lake, where no sound disturbs
the silence, but the motion of the boat through
the water. A happy disposition derives
pleasure from both, a discontented temper
from neither, but is always busy detecting
deficiency, and finding dissatisfaction with
comparison. The one gathers all the flowers,
the other all the nettles in his path.

The one has the faculty of enjoying every-
thing, and the other of enjoying nothing.
The one realizes all the pleasure of the pre-
sent good; the other converts it into pain,
by pining after something better, which is
only better because it is not present, and if
it were present would not be enjoyed.

Unkindness in the Domestic Circle.

The sunlight that follows shipwreck is
not less beautiful, though it shines upon
the remnants of a broken bark; what is
saved is so much more precious than that
which was lost. The domestic circle is
always too small to allow of rupture; it is
always too precious to make excusable any
neglect to prevent or heal disturbances.

There are enough to minister by hints and
reports to domestic unkindness; and unfor-
tunately the best, under such circumstan-
ces, are much prone to mistake, and thus
misrepresent motives; and trifles, with no
direct object, are magnified into mountains
of unintentional offence. It is the same in
social life. Let us guard against it. Delicate
relations are like the polish of costly
cutlery, dampness corrodes, and the rust,
though removed, leaves a spot.

Progress of the Soul.

We wonder indeed, when we are told
that one day we shall be as the angels of
God. I apprehend that as great a wonder
has been realized already on the earth. I
apprehend that the distance between the
mind of Newton and a Hottentot, may have
been as great as between Newton and an
angel. There is another view still more
striking. This Newton, who lifted his calm
sublime eye to the heavens, and read among
the planets and the stars, the great law of
the material universe, was, forty or fifty
years before, an infant, without one clear
perception, and unable to distinguish his
nurse's arm from the pillow on which he
slept. Howard, too, who, under the strength
of an all-sacrificing benevolence, explored
the depth of human suffering, was, forty
years before, an infant, wholly absorbed
in himself, grasping at all he saw, and
almost breaking his little heart with fits of
passion when the eldest toy was withheld.
Has not man already traversed as wide a
space as separates him from angels?

Sunset.

I have thought, a hundred times, that if I
were an angel and had wings, and no spe-
cific gravity, I would soar just so far up-
ward, that I could see the evening glimmer
o'er the edge of the earth, and, at the same
time, against its motion on its axis, would
hold myself always in such a position that
for a whole year long I could look into the
mild broad eye of the evening sun. But at
length I would sink down drunk with splen-
dor, like the bee o'er fed with honey in
sweet delirium on the grass.—*Jean Paul.*

Life.

Life is a vast railway train, in which we
are all compulsory passengers. On the
outside is written—"no stopping by the
way." We get in at the cradle; and are
put down at the grave; we have just time
to change clothes in the transit.

Blood of an Inebriate.

Dr. Pray recently bled a toper, and found
that the water elements were nearly gone,
and alcohol supplied their place. He ap-
plied a torch to the blood, and it ignited.
It had such an effect on the inebriate, that
he returned.

Growth of the Great West.

The St. Louis Union says that a Mrs.
Dealy, the wife of a staunch democrat and
farmer in Jackson county, Missouri, is the
mother of twenty-eight children, all her own
and by one husband! Mrs. D., is yet on
the right side of forty-five. No wonder
that the west increases in population with
astounding rapidity.

Complaining.

We complain of all; yet ought to com-
plain of none but ourselves. We impute
our calamities to misfortune; may even in
those cases that are of our own making, we
lay all the blame upon occasions and
emergent accidents. However, there never
happens any misfortune to a wise man; and
as for what relates to the occasion, they do
not render a man weak, but only discover
his weakness.

Little Kindnesses.

Small acts of kindness, how pleasant
and desirable do they make life! Every
dark object is made light by them, and
every tear of sorrow is brushed away. When
the heart is sad, and despondency sits at
the entrance of the soul, a trifling kind-
ness dispels despair, and makes the path of
life cheerful and pleasant. Who will re-
fuse a kind act? It costs the giver nothing,
but is invaluable to the sad and sorrowing.
It raises from misery and degradation, and
throws around the soul those hallowed joys
that were lost in Paradise.

Complaining.

We complain of all; yet ought to com-
plain of none but ourselves. We impute
our calamities to misfortune; may even in
those cases that are of our own making, we
lay all the blame upon occasions and
emergent accidents. However, there never
happens any misfortune to a wise man; and
as for what relates to the occasion, they do
not render a man weak, but only discover
his weakness.

Little Kindnesses.

Small acts of kindness, how pleasant
and desirable do they make life! Every
dark object is made light by them, and
every tear of sorrow is brushed away. When
the heart is sad, and despondency sits at
the entrance of the soul, a trifling kind-
ness dispels despair, and makes the path of
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